Hel. Sir, tis the gouernor of *Metaline*, who hearing of your melancholie state, did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, giue me my robes.
I am wilde in my beholding, O heauens bless my girle,
But harke what Musicke tell, *Hellicanus* my *Marina*!
Tell him ore point by point, for yet he seemes to doat:
How, sure you are my daughter; but what musicke?

Hel My Lord I heare none.

Per. None, the Musicke of the *Spheres*, list my *Marina*.

Lys. It is not good to crosse him, giue him way.

Per. Rarest sounds, do ye not heare?

Lys. Musicke my Lord? I heare.

Per. Most heauenly Musicke.
It nips me vnto listning, and thicke slumber
Hangs vpon mine eyes, let me rest.

Lys. A Pillow for his head, so leaue him all.
Well my companion friends, if this but answere to my iust belieфe, Ile well remember you.

Diana.

Dia. My Temple stands in *Ephesus*;
Hie thee thither, and doe vppon mine Altar sacrifice;
There when my maiden priests are met together, before the people all reueale how thou at sea didst loose thy wife; to mourne thy crosses with thy daughters; call, & giue them repetition to the like; or performe my bidding, or thou liuest in woe: doo't, and happie, by my siluer bow; awake and tell thy dreame.

Per. Celestiall *Dian*, Goddesse *Argentine*,
I will obey thee: *Hellicanus.* *Hell.* Sir.

Per. My purpose was for *Tharsus*, there to strike;
The inhospitable *Cleon*; but I am for other seruice first;
Toward *Ephesus* turne our blowne sayles;
Eftsoones Ile tell thee why; shall we refresh vs sir vpon your shore, and giue you golde for such prouision as our intents will neede?

Lys. Sir,

Lys. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a shore,
I haue another sleight.

Per. You shall preuaile were it to wooe my daughter, for it seemes you haue beene noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arme.

Per. Come my *Marina*.

Exeunt.

Gower. Now our sands are almost run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my last boone giue mee;
For such kindnesse must relieue mee:
That you aptly will suppose,
What pageantry, what feats, what showes,
What minstrelsie, and prettie din,
The Regent made in *Metalin*.
To greet the King, so he thriued,
That he is promisde to be wiued
To faire *Marina*, but in no wise,
Till he had done his sacrifice.
As *Dian* bad, whereto being bound,
The *Interim* pray, you all confound.
In fetherd briefenes sayles are fild;
And wishes fall out as they'r wild;
At *Ephesus* the Temple see,
Our King and all his companie.
That he can hither come so soone,
Is by your fancies thankfull doome.

Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy iust commaund,
I here confesse my selfe the King of *Tyre*;
Who frighted from my countrey did wed at *Pentapolis* the faire *Thaisa*; at Sea in childbed died she, but brought forth a Mayd child calld *Marina*, whom, O Goddesse wears yet thy siluer liuerey; shee at *Tharsus* was nurst with *Cleon*, who at fourteene yeares he sought to murder, but her better stars